PS 1734
.G4
Copy 1

MUSINGS.

LAWRENCE G. GATES.

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS.
PS1734
Chap. ..... Copyright No. .....
Shelf G4
UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

18877 12

SEP 22 1886

MUSINGS

LAWRENCE G. GATES.

TROY, O.
THE DEMOCRAT PRINT.
1886.

PS 1734
.G4

ENTERED ACCORDING TO ACT OF CONGRESS IN THE YEAR 1886,
BY LAWRENCE GATES,
IN THE OFFICE OF THE LIBRARIAN OF CONGRESS, AT WASHINGTON, D. C.

To

Miss Fidelia DeWeese,

This Book is respectfully dedicated

by

THE AUTHOR.

Contents.

Poesy 9
Burgoyne's Surrender 12
Beautiful Isle 14
Cross and Crown. 16
Garfield 18
The Old Miami 20
Humility 24
Grant 25
Hope Our Anchor. 28
Hidden Gems 29
Immortality 31
I'll Don The Blue Ribbon 32
Spiritual Worship 33
The Better Guitar 34
I'll Sign the Pledge To-night 36
In Memoriam 38

CONTENTS.

OUR BOAT RIDE 40

I THOUGHT 42

QUEEN SOBRIETY 44

LILLY 47

PRINTING OFFICE TRAGEDY 49

LIFT UP THE FALLEN 51

MY CHOICE 52

AN ANSWER 54

A REPLY 56

GOOD CIGARS 58

RIDING ON THE HAY 60

SWEET SIXTEEN 62

TROY ROMANCE 64

TWO KINGS 67

THE OLD GUITAR 68

THE BAR 70

THE OLD HOMESTEAD. 73

THIS WORLD 75

THE TRAMP 77

TWENTY-ONE 79

DRUNKARD'S RESOLVE 81

THERE IS A CHARM 84

THE OLD MAN TO HIS WIFE. 86

TWILIGHT ON THE BEACH 88

TIPPECANOE LEGEND 90

TRIPLE LINKS 92

MAGGIE 94

FAITH HAYDEN 96

PRIDE OF MAN. 102

CONTENTS.

God Bless the Boys who Wore the Blue.... 104

Tempus Fugit 109

Eyes of Gray. 110

Glorious Temperance Army 112

That Spring Poem 114

To Estella 116

A Homely Iliad—The Court House War 117

Poesy.

Fair Goddess, tune my lute again,
To strains that fill thy mythic clime,
To soul-enchanting siren strains,
Where Poesy lives in song sublime.

How oft the spirit longs to rise,
From thralldom chains to realms serene,
To cleave th' heights of Parnassus' skies,
When worth or beauty is its theme.

Alas! again how oft 'tis crushed,
Beneath the bane of penury's heel;
Then lips refuse to speak—are hushed—
That which our hearts so often feel.

Pope fill'd with that ecstatic fire,
Oft swept the strings in music sweet,
Caused th' rulers of vast empires
To cast their tributes at his feet.

And Shakspeare knelt before thy throne,
  Placed on his brow a crown of gems,
Which sparkle for mankind, his own;
  Immortal, fadeless diadem!

Others with banner bright unfurl'd,
  Scaled Parnassus higher, higher,
Enthroned at last before admiring world,
  'Mid all the glory genius can inspire.

Low they lie, shorn of their wit and might,
  Wrapt in the startling silence of th' tomb.
Like some great-hearted, noble knight,
  Who in the lists meets an awful doom.

Humanity wept when they were call'd to rest,
  And hung a pall of sorrow o'er their biers,
Of man they sang their sweetest and best,
  For his woes shed the bitterest tears.

Known they were to all of human woes,
  And marched unscathed thro' critics' flame:
From lowly estates grandly they arose,
  And wrote their names on scroll of fame.

Of earth these were the most divine,
  They caught the strains of angels' song,
As o'er the unknown and unseen line,
  They roll'd th' sweet inspiring notes along.

Love their impassioned souls possessed,
And ruled their hearts and lives supreme,
But love untold or love confessed,
It was their best and greatest theme.

Some sang of war—wrathful monster, war,
Which left but desolation on its trail,
Of falchion's flash, of cannon's roar,
How brave men falter and nations quail.

Iron-handed treason tottered on the throne,
Kingdoms created and razed to th' ground,
Noble deeds of daring in golden letters shone,
Till all the world with praises did resound.

But low they lie; is genius buried thus;
Hid from sight, both human and divine?
Are such intellects consigned thus to dust,
Or do they live to bless a fairer clime?

Ah! hope says there is a glorious light,
Which illumes and beautifies the soul;
It has a God of truth, a God of right,
A mission, and heaven is its goal.

Burgoyne's Surrender.

The Britons stood in silent awe,
On Hudson's blood-stained shore.
Gazing o'er the dead-strewn ground,
Thanked God the siege was o'er.

America had gained the day,
Had bravely faced the foe;
No jeering laugh, nor taunting smile,
Met the Britons in their woe.

Calmly down their arms they laid,
To resume them not again,
The flag of truce waved slowly,
O'er Freedom's sacred plain.

Gates, the gallant conqueror,
Was clad in frock true blue;
Proud Burgoyne in costly dress,
Gave sword to him so true.

Ere this was done America's son.
In proud commanding mein,
Had marched the Continentals,
From th' humiliating scene.

Gates the historic blade then grasped,
From Briton's noble son,
Then nobly gave it back again,
The victory grandly won.

England heard the startling news,
And trembled in dismay;
America had fought them well,
And gloriously gained the day.

Beautiful Isle.

(On contemplating a visit to Isle Saint George, Ohio, Lake Erie.)

Beautiful Isle!
Around whose shores doth break
In silver, sweet Erie, a Lake,
Upon whose bosom was borne
The tide of battle on Freedom's morn,
When Perry and his loyal braves
Made Treason perish 'neath thy waves.

Beautiful Isle!
Thou emerald gem,
Fairest in Queen Erie's diadem,
Which, smiling in thy lovely grace,
Makes Beauty smile and Rudeness hide his face.

Accept ye not my meed of praise,
For tuned my lute to uncouth lays;
But let the muse with magic lyre,
My soul uplift and notes inspire;
Such beauty as is only thine,
Should not be versed by pen of mine.

Beautiful Isle!
Thee I long to see,
Thy verdant self in graceful symmetry,
Thy vineyards fair with fruitage laden,
Thy stalwart sons and lovely maidens.

Upon those waters dark and deep,
Two stricken heroes calmly sleep:
Brave Perry who in days of old,
Routed the British, we are told.
And on those waters of the free,
He flew the flag of liberty.

And Garfield, immortal name!
'T were better thou'd never known fame.
Death's angel ne'er to us had come,
To seal his death in blood of martyrdom.
But now since the deed is done,
Shine on with brightness of the sun:
Shine on, nor dim its lustre o'er,
Till heroes fall to rise no more!

Let Erie's zephyrs a fitting requiem raise,
To blend with a grateful Nation's praise:
Their noble lives are monument more grand,
Than ever came from prince of sculptor's hand.

Cross and Crown.

This life 's a preparatory one,
To the one that 's brighter, higher;
'Tis fill'd with anger and with woe,
With grief, remorse and ire;
Let not these passions hold their sway,
Nor let them bear you down,
For if you meekly bear the cross,
You 'll surely wear the crown.

If a friend fall into slough Despond,
Extend a helping hand,
Point him to the crowned One,
And white-robed seraph band;
Do not turn away from him,
Nor push him farther down,
Lighter then will be his cross,
And brighter still your crown.

This life is only transient,
And fleeting are its years;
Up there is rest eternal,
And no more sighs or tears;
Misfortune here may whelm you,
And grief may bow you down —
Remember Christ once bore the cross,
But now He wears the crown.

Garfield.

Garfield! the name is known and loved,
In other climes, in foreign lands,
But he who bears it is stricken down
By cowardly assassin's hands.

Is Garfield dead, the noblest son
E'er the land of the free gave birth;
Has the spirit of him, the bravest one,
Winged its flight from scenes of earth?

Is Garfield dead, whose genius bright,
Outshines the twinkling stars of e'en?
Has he who dared to do the right,
Ascended now in peace to heaven?

America, land of the free,
How can thy sorrow e'er be told,
For loss of him who led thy sons,
Beneath the stars and stripes of old?

Fancy sees him on the mountain side,
  Upon the blood-stained Southern soil,
Leading brave boys against brave boys,
  After weeks of ceaseless toil.

But the score of years that have intervened,
  Have healed the wounds made that day.
Hands of love have since been struck,
  Between the boys of the blue and grey.

Let freemen revere th' immortal names,
  Of America's brave and noble ones,
Let poets sing the enduring fame
  Of Garfield, Ohio's son.

From Orient's sea-laved shore sublime,
  To Occident's fair and golden strand,
From snow-clad hills of northern climes,
  To Southern bright and sunny lands—

Prayers arise from aching hearts,
  Unto the Ruler great, on high,
That He may spare the precious life,
  That President Garfield may not die.

May the heart that beats for others' woes,
  Still send th' life blood thro' his veins.
May freemen shout: The President lives,
  The government at Washington still reigns.

The Old Miami.

Famed Alpine heights are not more fair,
  Nor sparkling are their silvery streams,
Nor fragrance-hung their balmy breeze,
  Than these whose praise shall be my theme.

Then lute of mine by muse attuned,
  O, be thy numbers sweet and grand.
And worthy of the peerless theme—
  'Tis Old Miami's lovely land.

Land of my birth, scenes of my youth,
  To thee a loving song I raise,
But were I of thy gifted sons,
  I'd sing of thee undying praise.

'Tis Sabbath morn: the god of day
  Has driven westward black-winged night
And o'er the orient portals sweep
  Majestically the waves of light.

Miami with exquisite grace,
With diamonds flashing from her crest.
Past hamlets quaint and cities fair,
Rolls on Ohio's troubled breast.

The wild bird sings with joyful note,
As o'er the vernal vale he flies,
Or mounted on untiring wing,
Dims into sunlight and the skies.

How often upon sultry days
Along these shady banks I've sate,
And watched the fish dart up and glance
Warily 'round the tempting bait.

These trees that fringe thy crystal sides,
Deep-rooted in the emerald shore.
Are familiar as the friends I've met,
And loved and parted with before.

Trees that are old and gnarled and bent,
And toss their whitened branches high:
They were so thrifty, straight and strong,
I thought they ne'er were doomed to die.

Ah! such is earth: all is decay;
Man and Nature' s stamped with death,
Heaven and earth shall pass away,
And life is but a dying breath.

Ah! such is earth; alas for man,
Enfeebled by age, unnerved by pain.
Would eager quaff the mystic cup
To make him bloom in youth again.

For this the sages searched in vain.
Until the heavenly Nazarine
Pointed to its abiding place
Beyond the stars, beyond the screen —

That separates that world from this.
Beyond the gaze of human eye.
To the city of the universe
And Fount of Immortality.

But where are they whose olden names
On this old tree can ill be traced,
Memories of whom, like these names.
The hand of Time hath 'most effaced?

Some when Freedom's call was heard
Marched with Miami's true and brave.
Some died upon the battle-field
And fill the loyal soldier's grave.

Some with Sherman's conquering host.
Marched thro' Georgia to the sea.
Some stormed th' mighty battlements
Of Henry, on the Tennessee.

Some were first at Shiloh church.
Some at Appomattox stood,
Some upon the western plains,
Drenched the sacred soil with blood.

They 've met by stream more beautiful
Than this which flows before my eyes:
There living waters never cease
To lave the shores of Paradise.

Humility.

Every man may be a hero,
Every woman a heroine;
He as much as was Napoleon,
She as Joan of Arc. Yet their names
Need not be breathed beyond the bourne
Of a lowly household.
He is a hero who lives for others.
She a heroine who is brave to do her duty:
Humility is the greatest virtue:
Riches bring not true joy; but purity
Of the heart, and love.

Grant.

Millions mourn; Grant is at rest;
He who lived in Buckeye cot obscure;
Ambition had not stirred his youthful breast,
Unknowing, unknown he dwelt secure.
Glory had not pointed him the way,
Nor on his path a single ray did fall.
But he was to be the child of destiny,
Greatest, grandest, highest 'bove them all.

The hour came: secession's clouds hung low,
O'er the land wrongs cried out for redress
Liberty fain a Moses then would know,
To lead her onward thro' the wilderness;
Genius adorned his noble, stubborn brow,
As the sword he unsheath'd at his side;
Thousands followed on to carnage now,
And having fought by him they nobly died.

Charlemagne with all his noble braves,
Lived by war's exultant cry;
Grant's soldiers filled our Southern graves,
For humanity, God and liberty.
Napoleon, selfish, brave and grand,
Marched forth to never sound retreat;
For freedom Grant upheld his hand,
And treason fell lifeless at his feet.

Puny intellects their poisoned slanders hurl'd,
With hate and envy did mutually abide;
But they have reaped th' derision of th' world,
Their shafts fell broken at his side.
Nor man of blood was he; for peace he longed;
But for that peace he ne'er would compromise.
So long as loyalty was wronged,
Or disunion held the bloody prize.

O'er mount and vale down in our summer-land,
Legions of right or wrong held sway;
Desolation by touch of withering hand,
Plainly marked conflict's awful way.
From Shiloh to Appomattox famed,
Success was his in every gallant move,
Till peace was once more sweetly named;
He returned to home, to quietude and love.

Peace hath victories, than war no less renown'd;
On fame's high pinnacle grandly he sate,
By a grateful people with honor he was crown'd,
He'd reach'd th' summit, fill'd th' chair of state.
Of no one state, this Ajax of our land,
He was the Nation's noble warrior son:
He's gone to join our martyred Lincoln's hand,
To meet our Garfield and our Washington.

Hope Our Anchor.

(From "Golden Leaves" Sunday School song book).

In this world of sin and sorrow,
  In this world of grief and woe,
There will come a bright to-morrow,
  Every human heart shall know.

Lose no time in vain repining,
  Do whate'er is to be done;
Darkest clouds have silver lining —
  'Bove them is the beaming sun.

On life's sea 'mid sinking mortals,
  Beaten tho' our barque may be,
We shall gain the shining portals,
  Just beyond the jasper sea.

Now we sail adown life's river,
  We'll on wings of death be borne,
We shall rise to live forever,
  On the resurrection morn.

There is rest, there's rest beyond,
  Far beyond life's raging sea;
There the soul shall ne'er despond,
  Blest in immortality!

Hidden Gems.

Come, fair muse, in all thy loving grace.
  Guide my erring, faltering pen,
With all thy mystic fancy trace
  The lives of heroes, noble men.

Let not poverty or penury hold sway,
  Or keep in oblivion an immortal name —
O'er a mute inglorious Milton of to-day,
  O'er names unwritten on scroll of fame.

Nor conceal the noble born and pure
  Heroines of the age,
Who in some cottage dwell obscure,
  Like lovely bird in cruel cage

Unlettered Shakspears live and pass away,
  Who could tread the paths of fame sublime,
Unknown Byrons but for adversity,
  Leave "foot-prints on the sands of time".

Trace thou the hero of the battle-field,
Who dies upon the crimsoned ground,
Who disdains the sacred soil to yield —
His deeds to unthinking world resound.

Reveal th' genius of our land serene,
Let it go forth unfading laurels wear;
"Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air."

Humanity stems the tide of life's broad main,
Some float o'er a cloudless, waveless sea,
While some, a desired goal to gain,
Are wrecked on shoals of adversity.

The storms of misfortune gather dark and fast,
Descend the pelting drops of woe,
Loudly blows slander's chilling blast,
Stars of hope and peace sink low.

Immortality.

I feel my immortality o'er sweep
All pain, all tears, all fears, and peal,
Like the eternal thunders of the deep,
Into my ears this truth: "Thou livst forever."
—Byron.

Who can gaze upon the broad expanse of heaven;
Or peer through the immensity of never ending space:
Or enjoy the blessings an unseen Hand has given:
The temporal joys or spiritual grace—

Or fathom the mystery of the beginning of time;
Or the mystery of eternity;
Or behold the myriads of worlds sublime,
And exclaim: There is no God, no immortality?

Or gaze upon the Christian man,
Whose spirit nears the bourne unknown,
And cannot say: I do but live, I only am,
When Death does claim me for his own?

O, Infidelity, thou dark ephemeral dream,
Refute in vain the teachings of the Word.
Salvation's plan is His, no human scheme.
'Tis faith in Jesus Christ, our Lord.

I'll Don the Blue Ribbon.

I'll don the blue ribbon, my brother,
I'll turn from the path I have trod,
Imploring the mercy of heaven,
Asking grace from th' wanderer's God.

I'll redeem my lost manhood, my brother,
Which has sunk in the vortex of shame,
Making man better and nobler,
Will be my life's loftiest aim.

I'll throw off the shackles, my brother,
Which have bound me down as a slave,
I'll be free from the power of the tyrant,
If the prayers of the righteous will save.

I'll don the blue ribbon, my brother,
I'll turn from a dishonored grave,
I'll join in the good work, my brother,
Thro' th' love of the "Mighty to Save."

With millions of lov'd ones, my brother,
Who number our hosts of to-day,
May we meet on the fair shores eternal,
Thro' the Life, the Truth and the Way.

Spiritual Worship.

O, weary one in the path of life,
Why clasp the cross with sensuous zeal;
Thy better self must make thee feel,
'Tis but a type of woe and strife.

Nor fast thou from the world's loud din;
That is not the literal sense,
Nor is it Godly penitence;
But fast thou from the feast of sin.

Nor quaff the ruby draught of wine,
The serpent's fangs are hidden there;
'Tis but a symbol—that of cheer,
Then let it on life's path-way shine.

The Better Guitar.

(An answer to "The Silent Guitar.")

There is a guitar whose melody
  Awakes the soul from care and strife:
I feel thy touch emits its strains—
  It is the sweet guitar of life.

It is strung with strings of joy,
  It is tuned to keys of duty,
It is tuned to keys of faith,
  It is tuned to chords of beauty.

Amid the wails of a weary world,
  May its music sweet inspire
Rare symphonies of sympathy,
  And kindle with celestial fire.

As o'er the glorious gamut,
Thy fingers deftly move,
O, may it breathe of rapture,
Eloquent of love.

When discords of time are past,
We dwell in bliss afar,
Unskill'd fingers then shall learn,
Strings of divine guitar.

I'll Sign the Pledge To-night.

I'll sign the pledge to-night, boys,
I'll sign the pledge to-night,
I intend to be a better man,
And lead a better life.
So many years I've drunk, boys,
And have led such a horrid life,
I've been such a drunken husband,
I've had such a faithful wife;
She has been so true to me, boys,
Thro' all life's ills and cares,
But I'll sign the pledge to-night, boys,
And avoid the tempting snares.
I'll sign the pledge to-night, boys,
And go home to my suffer'ng wife,
I'm going to be a better man,
And lead a sober life.
I'll not forget the night, boys,
And it often makes me cry,

I'LL SIGN THE PLEDGE TO-NIGHT.

When I knelt by Harry's bed-side,
When they told me he must die;
He threw his arms around me,
And kissed my bloated face,
He asked me to reform, boys,
Then gave me the last embrace;
He sank back on his pillow,
And bade us all good-bye,
Then his pure soul went upward,
To that better world on high.
Will I sign the pledge to-night, boys?
Yes, I'll sign the pledge to-night,
I'm going to be a better man,
And do what I know is right.
With malice toward none, boys,
I take a sober stand,
That when I'm lost in darkness,
I may find a helping hand;
"With charity for all, God helping me,"
Is a basis strong and right,
And I know you'll not regret, boys,
If you sign the pledge to-night.

In Memoriam.

(On the death of Harry Houser, July 8th, 1886.)

How was it best that Harry died;
That Harry died in youthful bloom.
Fair as the flowers above his tomb?
"How was it best?" our hearts have cried.

He died in youth's expectant hour,
The path of life lay at his feet,
With joyful hope it was replete,
Fill'd with promise and with power.

Harry was too fair a flower,
To flourish in the blasts of earth,
He who knows the spirit's worth,
Transplanted him in heavenly bower.

Here, basking in parental smiles,
Nurtured by their tears of joy,
He went before he knew alloy,
Before his lips had spoken guile.

'Tis better thus, for we must feel,
That he is sheltered by the Arm,
That will protect us from all harm,
When we receive Divinity's seal.

Does not this living hope suffice
Tho' life seemed but a fleeting hour,
That he now blooms as fair a flower,
As decks the fields of Paradise?

Our Boat Ride.

We would push our boat from the shore,
And glide o'er the moon-lit lake,
And not a sound would echo o'er,
The solitude to break.

Save when her accents low and sweet,
Would greet my listening ear,
Or when the waves would gently beat,
On the sides of the light "Wild Deer."

Or when the oars would gently dip,
In the rippling silvery spray,
When I would press her cherry lips,
To mine in ecstasy.

We sealed our vows of wedded bliss—
O, may no rude one break—
With a rapturous, loving, soulful kiss,
As we sailed o'er the moon-lit lake.

The hills would raise their wooded peaks,
  Against the star-lit skies,
And the stars, night sentinels, keep,
  On us their sparkling eyes.

The shore behind would soon be lost,
  A silvery lake before,
Like the sea of life we're gliding, tost,
  On the journey from shore to shore.

I Thought.

I thought I dwelt with you, my love,
In elysian lands so fair,
Where happy birds were singing sweet.
And siren music fill'd the air.

Airy cupids flew, my love,
To and fro at our command,
Statues, life-like, fair to see,
Adorned this transitory land.

Perfume-laden flowers there were,
Roses red and lilies fair;
Ceaseless fountains gushing forth,
Filled with sparkling drops, the air.

Gold-crown'd mountains loomed, I thought,
Their forms against the ether sky,
A noisy, murmuring, silvery brook,
'Mid verdant banks went rippling by.

Everything was fill'd with joy,
From flowers beneath to dome above,
On every leaflet, flower and wave,
Was stamped the rapturous word of love.

'Round your snowy neck I drew my arms,
(Ah, would I ask for sweeter bliss!)
And on your fervent cherry lips
I left a soul-inspiring kiss.

It waked the echoes thro' the trees,
Among the hills, adown the stream,
And waken'd me, 'tis true, my dear,
Alas, 'twas but a hollow dream!

Queen Sobriety.

Once this was a peaceful land,
Free from drink and brawl,
But soon it fell into the hands,
Of the tyrant, Alcohol.

He sat upon his princely throne,
Bedewed with orphans' tears,
His music was the widows' moan,
His legend, "Woes and fears."

Men of high, ennobling minds,
Would before the idol fall,
And worship at the dazzling shrine,
Of the tyrant, Alcohol.

But Queen Sobriety swept along,
Thro' this now cursed land,
Singing this redemption song,
With her temperance band:

"Down from that throne, O, tyrant King,
Heaven sent us here,
To reign o'er this great land, supreme,
In love, instead of fear.

This glad refrain is taken up,
It swells to mighty song,
And they who have renounced th' cup,
The joyful notes prolong.

It mounts upon the wings of love,
From the Golden State to Maine,
It greets the angels' song above,
And then sweeps back again.

From land of flowers to restless Lakes,
The melodies we raise,
Till on men's hearts the love shower breaks,
And we sing in joyful praise.

And when the tyrant takes his flight,
We will take up this strain:
"We rest secure within the might,
Of Queen Sobriety's reign."

Lilly.

Raphael's brush would fail to paint thee,
So heavenly is thy sunny smile,
Byron's pen would fain describe thee,
So free art thou from stain or guile.

Thine eyes as blue as cloudless heaven,
Thy brow as snow-drift, pure and white,
Thy presence like a summer vision,
When autumn sends its chilling blight.

In pleasant dreams of starry mid-night,
I dream of thee so fair and shy,
In golden hours as they speed onward,
I mark thy absence with a sigh.

Thy heart is free from affectation,
My love, my all lie at thy feet;
Answer truly, fairest maiden,
Wilt thou make my joy complete?

"Yes?" then my joy is perfect,
Surely this is heavenly bliss!
Thy heart and hand, O, joy forever!
Now one loving lingering kiss.

There, a vine-clad cot awaits thee,
Over it thou shalt preside,
And on a lovely starry evening,
I'll kiss thee then my lovely bride.

Printing Office Tragedy.

The editor sat in his sanctum chair,
While a dun before him lay;
With his ambrosial locks the gentle winds,
Would gayly dally and play.

The Gatling gun in the back-ground stood,
In range with the office door,
Bludgeons, daggers and dynamite strew'd
The most of the sanctum floor.

That personage who is often allied
To the Prince of darkness, stood
And ran on the press a five-dollar job,
For a four-dollar load of wood.

The salaried bard apart from them stood,
And dwelt in fancy afar;
He quaffed at the fount of beauty and love,
As he puffed a two-for cigar.

A change doth come in precipitate haste,
O'er the purity of this scene—
Three persons entered the office door,
All arrayed in gaudiest green.

The one word "demon" was plainly writ,
On their foreheads black and low;
"That article!" came from the leader's lips,
In a hissing tone and slow.

"Incarnate villain!" said he to the bard,
As he scaled fair Poesy's height,
"See thou ten thousand times more stars,
Than shine in heaven to-night!"

But the trio turned to the Gatling gun,
And death-dealing engines galore;
They silently swept up their guests' remains,
In a pile on the office floor.

Lift Up the Fallen.

Life is likened to a river,
Flowing to the mystic bay;
Some are sinking now around you—
Save them from the depths, I pray.

'Tis likened to a thorny pathway,
From the cradle to the grave—
Some now linger in the by-ways,
Whom the hand of love could save.

Will you help an erring brother,
In his onward heedless course?
Throw your light of Christian kindness
On his pathway of remorse?

Lift him to his rightful level,
Throw 'round him the arm of care,
Shield him from the world's cold scorning,
Save him from its tempting snares.

My Choice.

When cupid sends his piercing darts,
To blend in one two loving hearts,
  My girl's and mine,
May she not wear that impish bang,
Nor converse in the modern slang,
  Nor sleep till nine.

But when the sun but greets the dawn,
When dew is fresh upon the lawn,
  May she arise;
May she not bake such hard, hard bread,
In weight out-rivaling gold or lead,
  But buns and pies.

May she not make so many calls,
Nor gaily 'tend all social balls
  Till four o'clock;

But may she stay at home with me,
Where everything shall cozy be,
And darn my socks.

May she not waste her precious time,
In screaming songs or writing rhyme,
Or daubing paint;
But may she sew my buttons on,
And pay the bills when I am gone,
The little saint!

An Answer.

(By an anonymous writer.)

You want your wife to stay at home,
To darn your socks, and mend,
While you flirt with the girls abroad,
And all the lodges 'tend.

Now as to curls and cunning bangs,
In truth you love them well;
We tell it by your roguish eye—
Oh dear, you're quite a sell.

You wish your wife to rise at morn,
And all the fires make,
Then bustle 'round with apron wide,
The buns and pies to bake.

She must not paint nor talk in slang,
  Nor e'en to parties go—
No music either, Mr. G.,
  Well really that's too slow.

I doubt if earth could ever have,
  A woman such to give—
She'd shuffle off this mortal coil,
  And go to heaven to live.

A Reply.

With critic's knife so strangely keen,
Dripping with both gall and spleen,
Some one's had his say;
His standard low of womanhood,
In his life bodes him no good,
Giving him away.

He argues from fictitious reason,
'Gainst common-sense commits he—treason,
The question dodges;
Early rising was well intentioned,
Fires and music were not mentioned,
Nor 'tending lodges.

With ideas lax and thoughts disjointed,
He writes like maiden disappointed;
  Oh, cheerless view!
For earth has some of woman-kind,
Who answer to my choice defined,
  Not known of you.

Good Cigars.

Some like the park, the promenade,
Some to ride it palace cars,
But these are left quite in the shade,
When compared with good cigars.

Some like the wild bird's music,
Some like the wild-wood flowers,
But dearer far than these to me,
Are precious good cigars.

Some fight for fame and liberty,
Some for the stripes and stars,
But I will buckle on the sword,
For my loved, my good cigars.

Some worship at the shrine of love,
Some at the feet of Mars,
Before my idols I will fall—
My loved, my good cigars.

Riding on the Hay.

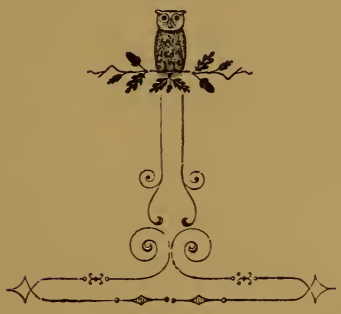
I spent the sultry summer months,
At Cottage Farm not far away;
O, how I loved those happy days,
Riding on the loads of hay.

A brown-eyed lass was also there,
A bonny dear so sweet and gay,
And from the meadows we would come,
Riding on the loads of hay.

Soon the summer months had passed,
And I was loth to go away,
For longing of my bonny dear,
And riding on the loads of hay.

I asked her once to be my wife,
'Refused me?' did I hear you say?
Ah, she softly whispered 'yes',
Riding on the load of hay.

And now our race is nearly run,
Our heads are silvered with the gray,
She's yet as young and dear to me,
As when riding on the hay.



Sweet Sixteen.

(On the sixteenth birthday of a lady of Springfield, Ohio.)

Sixteen summers have passed by,
Summers fair and bright,
Since you oped your bonny eyes,
To heaven's radiant light.

Sixteen years have flown past,
On wings of youth and love,
Sixteen winters come and gone,
Like visits of a dove.

Leave behind all youthful joys,
Look forward to the best,
For you may walk temptation's paths,
Ere you are called to rest.

The silent wheels of time shall turn,
In their ever ceaseless way,
A long and useful christian life,
Out-stretched before you lay.

Prepare to do your Master's will,
Fulfill your mission given,
Till you He takes from mortal earth,
To your reward in heaven.

Troy Romance.

Norris my song of Troy of old,
Its war's alarms or warriors bold;
But of this Troy of modern times,
I weave into these simple rhymes;
For legend says there dwelt in Troy,
A handsome maiden fair and coy;
Whose father owned some vast estates,
With Coate-of-arms upon his Gates.
He was said Tobey a man of Means,
And 'customed quite to royal scenes;
He'd banqueted with many a King,
And oft with Scott(ish) Ba(i)rds did sing;
His daughter was a reigning Beall,
And suitors thronged her home pell-mell.

Of all of them she smiled on two—
One was false, the other true.
A Mr. Head, a Knight was he,
And claimant of nobility,
Loved the maiden for himself,
And worldly Gains, (ignoble elf!).
The other would eager Roney rare
Jewel, such as she, so fair,
His rival's Senour in all but age,
In looks a youth, in lore a Sage;
Nor fop, nor Wagner dude was he,
Nor boasted of his ancestry.
"A duel fight," the maiden said,
"And to the victor I'll be wed,
And if my lover loves Stillwell,
In the Bond of bliss we'll dwell."
Weaks flew past; Day by Day
Brought nearer them the tragic fray.
"The Schauer comes!" the Knight did cry,
To test the youth's sincerity.
"It matters not," the youth then said,
"I care not for the Weatherhead."

On a Green Coolridge the rivals stood,
Each thirsting for the other's blood;
The Knight came forth with bearing bold,
Who had Feldman in lists of old:
When evil came with mystic glance,
He'd Sterrett out of countenance.
'Round the youth his arms he Links,
But supinely to the ground he Sinks.
He Weakley grew, and by-and-by
Said, "Now I think Kyle surely Dye."
And then he fell Lynn to a swoon,
Pining that he Wentz so soon.
Sharpe and decisive was the fight—
Vanquished wrong and triumphed Wright.
Then said the youth so nobly true:
"I Earnhart, hand and honor too.
A Goodrich feast her sire spread,
For on that day the maid was wed.

Two Kings.

'Mid the regal splendor of castles olden,
Of castles famed and castles golden,
Dwelt a King, his sceptre swayed,
The monarch great of all he surveyed;
But wifeless and loveless was this great King,
Nor castles nor riches could true joy bring.
The other, a king, tho' poor, his life
Was blest by the love of a faithful wife,
Nor titles, nor riches, nor castles had he,
Yet his soul was true nobility;
He reigned o'er the love of a faithful heart,
Which the pomp of power can ne'er impart.
The King and his kingdoms have pass'd away,
But HIS love lives in eternity.

The Old Guitar.

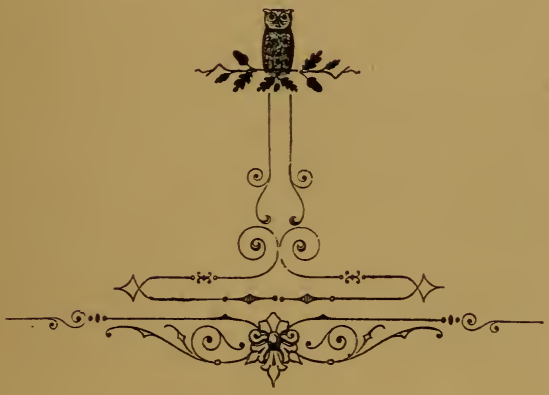
Childhood days are swiftly passing—
  Days that knew of naught to mar;
How sweet to bring them back again,
  On the plaintive notes of the old guitar.

How sweet to glide o'er moon-lit waters,
  As o'er the waves there come afar,
The echoes of her sad, sweet singing,
  And the plaintive chords of the old guitar.

But sadder still as at eventide,
  I think of the friends of the past afar,
I play the old familiar songs—
  My tear-drops fall on the old guitar.

THE OLD GUITAR.

My heart grows sad with the melody—
It brings to me the by-gone hours,
When I played for her, a blue-eyed lass,
Sad sweet songs on the old guitar.



The Bar.

(After Longfellow.)

I stood at the bar at midnight,
As the clock was striking the hour,
And the boys were all playing poker
Behind the old, old bar.
Among the long black bottles,
The wavering shadows lay,
And the sparkle that came from the contents,
Would have lured the gods away.
And like those liquors sparkling,
The wine, the ale and gin,
There shown on the breast of the keeper
A dollar diamond pin.

How often, oh, how often,
In the happy nights of yore,
I've drank at the bar at midnight,
Till I could drink no more.
How often, oh, how often,
I had wished that the sleeping "cop,"
Had borne me off to the lock-up,
Before I'd touched a drop.
For my pocketbook was slender,
My laundry bill unpaid,
My coat was as thin at the elbows,
As circus lemonade.
But now I am flatly "busted,"
As flat as I can be,
And only the treating of others,
Secures a drink for me.
And I think how many thousands,
Of beer encumbered men,
Each bearing his burden of treating,
Have stood at the bar since then.
Forever and forever,
As long as whisky flows,

As long as man feeds passions,
So long will life have woes;
The bar and its sure delusions,
And its shadow shall appear,
As the agent of many sorrrows,
And sighs, and cares aud tears.

The Old Homestead.

I left the dear old homestead,
So many years ago,
My hair was not so silvered then,
Nor my steps so sad and slow.

I can see the vine-clad cottage,
Sheltered by the swaying trees;
I can hear the wild bird's music,
As 'twas wafted on the breeze.

I can see the rolling meadows,
All bedecked with fairest flowers;
I can see the trysting places
Where we spent the golden hours.

I can see my gentle Minnie,
As I did in days of yore;
I can hear her gentle foot-steps,
Passing by the cottage door.

I can hear her gentle accents,
As they fell upon my ear;
I can see her brown eyes sparkle—
Eyes to me forever dear.

I shall go back to the homestead,
Live beneath its hallowed shade,
Amid the dear scenes of childhood,
Till beneath the sod I'm laid.

This World.

This is a world of fleeting pleasure,
A deceitful outside show,
A mixture of trials and labor,
Of sorrow, sin and woe.

'Tis a gilded, empty bubble,
A transient home for man,
Fill'd with grief and trouble,
Unto the final end.

O, man, thou mortal being,
Improve thy moments here,
Love thou thy God All-seeing,
With trembling love and fear.

Brave the worst, O, fellowman,
Above all conflicts rise,
For many of thy darkest trials,
Are "blessings in disguise."

The Tramp.

The light in the window shone brightly,
On the scene of joy and mirth,
The withering winds swept blightly,
The cold, dark, cheerlesss earth.

'Twas the pomp of wealth and fashion,
Nor a thought for old and poor,
A display of worldly passion,
Nor a care for the tramp at the door.

"No work for me," he repeated,
"No alms for such as I,
Ah! my life's almost completed,"
And a sad tear fell from his eye.

He casts his eyes on the festive throng,
And turns to the cheerless earth,
And slowly wends his way along,
From the scene of joy and mirth.

On and on, he plods his way,
Alone in the dark and cold,
Till he nears the peasant's stack of hay,
Near the house so quaint and old.

He falls on his knees in humble prayer,
As the cold wind 'round him blows,
And asks his God to guard him there,
From all earth's cares and woes.

He falls on his face from weakness,
And soon he is wrapt in sleep,
While angels in holy meekness,
O'er him their vigils keep.

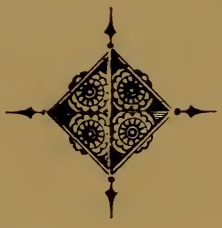
Ere the sun had shed its light,
On the poor tramp's lifeless clay,
His soul had winged its upward flight
To THE WORLD OF ENDLESS DAY.

Twenty-one.

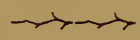
Farewell to years of youth and joy,
I am no longer now a boy,
But a man;
Farewell to life so free and gay,
I turn to tread life's sterner way;
'Tis but a span.

O, may I in the years to come,
As traveling to that fairer home
Beyond the skies,
Save a soul from the "Slough Despond,"
And point him to the world beyond,
Where nothing dies.

Then welcome life of toil and strife,
Welcome then, O, sterner life!
By Him be blest;
But welcome better than all this;
Welcome life of ENDLESS BLISS,
And PEACEFUL REST.



Drunkard's Resolve.



Horrors! why all these pains and aches?
That rack my quivering frame so sore!
And—hellish demons! writhing snakes—
Cold and slimy they crawl me o'er.
There! they wrap 'round my very soul—
Have left my heart-strings bleeding, torn,
O, curses to the damning bowl—
I'd not have touched, had I but known.
A chill? nay, 'tis more than I can tell—
The tortures of a living death—
The torments of an endless hell—
It takes away my parched breath.
A wife? yes, I had a faithful wife,

But she died long years ago;
I made a blank of her youthful life,
And she sank in want and woe!
Children? yes, two boys so rosy bright,
Full of promise, hope and love,
But God, as was his sacred right,
Took them to a home above.
'Tis a better one than I had given,—
For mine was poverty, shame and woe—
To a brighter place, that we call Heaven,
Where they're clad in garments white as snow.
I want to go to them to-night,
O, to go to my angel wife—
A pledge? yes, I'll sign to-night,
And lead a nobler, better life.

* * * * *

This world seems brighter, fresher now,
Since I've become a freer man—
Since I took a sacred vow,
To do the very best I can;
To aid the helpless and the sad,
To lift them to their feet again—

To make their hopeless hearts beat glad—
To let them know that still they're MEN.
Farewell to haunts of vice and strife,
Farewell to misery, want and shame,
For the book of endless life,
I'll make a spotless, blameless name.

There is a Charm.

There is a charm in my lady's eyes,
That fascinates my soul,
There is a charm in the blue arched skies,
A charm in the thunder's roll;
There is a charm in the soft moonlight,
That lifts my soul above,
There is a charm in the bright sunlight,
And that SWEET CHARM IS LOVE.

There is a charm in the silvery brook—
In its ripplings sweet and low,
There is a charm in a lover's look—
A charm in the falling snow;
There is a charm in the restless sea,
That nothing can remove,
And all these charms are dear to me,
These charms of sweetest love.

THERE IS A CHARM.

There is a charm in the budding flower,
A charm in music sweet,
There is a charm in the mid-night hour,
When all the world's asleep;
There is a charm in minstrelsy,
In the cooing of the dove,
It's a charm to be in the charming sea,
In the sea of charming love.

The Old Man to His Wife.

Though your eyes have lost their lustre—
Your once raven locks are gray,
My love for you is just as strong,
As in your younger day.

Your feet don't trip as lightly,
As they did in days of yore;
For they are worn, tired and weary,
Trav'ling to the brighter shore.

Your hands though old and trembling,
Their duty ne'er would shirk;
They are not so old and trembling,
But they can do the Master's work.

Our faith in Him's as steadfast,
As the morn that we were wed,
And I thank Him for His goodness,
That around our hearts is shed.

We shall work for God and temperance,
As long as He demands,
"Till we meet to part—no never—
In the house not made with hands."

Twilight on the Beach.

The leaden clouds now veil th' azure skies,
The sun has sunk to quiet rest;
Heaven's curtains tinged with crimson red—
Droop in splendor o'er the mighty West.

The glimmering landscape gently fades,
And leaves us naught but gloomy night;
The piping bird, in yonder mighty oak,
Alone and weary, takes his home-ward flight.

The autumn winds moan sadly thro' th' trees,
Whose giant tops now toss in wild despair;
Nor th' grey-squirrel lingers on the bough;
But sprightly darts into his wonted lair.

The earth is wrapp'd in mantle drear—
The wintry blast sweeps o'er the watery plain;
While th' wide lake's rushing, plashing waves—
Keep measured time to nature's wild refrain.

Tippecanoe Legend.

Once upon a time, there did dwell
In Tippecanoe, a Mann; His vocation? Well,
Some said he was a Saylor from Moore the See,
But really I Kantz see how that could be.
Others said he was a Carpenter, Mason or Smith,
Yet in all probability he was simply a myth.
He fell Linn love with a girl Young and Fair,
(The sequel will show she had burdens to Bear.)
Herr Hart and Herr Hahn he resolved to win,
For besides being handsome, she had lots of Tinn.

Heywood often seek Kerr handsome Face,
Her Favorite one to be,
And as often Rouser feelings,
Of intense jealousy.
Again he sought the Little Bell,
Her pa did Black his eye,
"Demmitt, I'll take that Galloway,
I'll Hawver" said he, "or Dye."
Since he swore he'd take the Galloway,
He took a Long his Gunn;
But when the old Mann took after him,
Youart to see him run;
Thus his Copp of woe became Fuller—
Howard for him to Dye---
He took two Sheets and swung himself,
Through the Gates of the By and By.

Triple Links.

Brethren of the triple links,
How sweet in unity to dwell—
In bonds of Friendship, Truth and Love,
Whose import we have learned so well.

Friendship, beauteous attribute,
Whose arms encircle all mankind,
It does the honored one uphold,
And would the wayward brother find.

And love, divinest attribute,
Admits of neither clique nor clan,
Declares the Fatherhood of God,
And proves the brotherhood of man.

On truth, eternal principle,
Our noble order rests secure,
All things else shall pass away,
But truth shall evermore endure.

Then let us keep inviolate,
The vows of friendship, truth and love,
Until we join the heavenly lodge,
And see the Noble Grand above.

Maggie.

Maggie is dead! Oh, can it be,
That one so loving, gentle, kind,
Has been from bonds of earth made free,
Earth love, earth friends hath left behind!

Daughter, sister, schoolmate, friend,
Tho' consigned thy body 'neath the sod,
We know, we feel 'tis not the end—
Immortality is; thy soul's with God.

Weep not for her, she is at rest,
Safe in the blessed Saviour's arms,
Close to his gentle, loving breast—
There naught can e'er disturb or harm.

Pray on, toil on, believe on,
Christ your protection and your friend,
God's child and well beloved son,
Does his comforting spirit send.

Faith Hayden.

Where Spring first kisses into green,
The hills that skirt a lovely vale,
Where Summer on her tardy wing,
Is loth to leave the flowery dale.

Where first the rose and lily bloom,
And cast their fragrance to the breeze,
And Nature vivifies to life
The bare and winter beaten trees.

Where Autumn in his blighting course,
With breath of frost and touch of ice,
Doth hang his head in very shame,
To mar so fair a paradise.

Where Beauty, having spent her powers,
To find a fitting dwelling—place,
Nestled in that lovely spot,
And tore the veil from off her face—

There in a cottage ivy-twined,
In rare and simple loveliness,
Lived and loved a woman fair,
Who lived—to love, and loved—to bless.

Her eyes were bright as morning dew,
Her face was calm as summer sea,
Her voice was sweet as lowest winds,
Entrancing in its melody.

How could the mind of lover true,
But be impressed with every grace;
How could the heart of favored one,
Be proof against such saintly face!

Faith Hayden loved, and loving, blest
A noble man and noble life;
Paul Meredith bowed before the shrine,
And fondly claimed his promised wife.

Full often in the sunset glow,
Along the flowery meads they strolled,
And fondly hoped their sun of life,
Would also set in sea of gold.

Paul held within his potent grasp,
The sceptre of undying fame;
Alas for human hopes and joys,
And fair ambition's fickle claim!

There came the breath of slander vile,
There 'rose the tale of woman's shame,
And swept like storm-king in his wrath,
The honors from Paul Meredith's name.

"Go marry her whom thou hast wronged,
And leave my love lie bleeding here,
Such love can never comfort give,
Nor sorrow e'er provoke a tear."

"'Tis false, 'tis false," cried injured Paul;
"I'll on my steed and I'll away—
I hear old Freedom's battle cry,—
There, I'll be slain or I shall slay."

Onward he sped to battle-field—
And left the maiden weeping there;
She, causeless, cast away his love,
He, ruthless, left the maiden fair.

* * * * *

Years after in a distant town,
In winter at the close of day,
Up to St. Paul's two women went,
There to confess their sins and pray.

One was young, in morn of life,
And knelt in tender, reverent grace,
A sable veil but half disclosed,
The beauty of her saintly face.

"Father, forgive," the maiden cried,
"And take my prayer to Him above;
I've sent to death and battle-field,
One whom my sorrowing soul doth love."

The fair one left; the other stayed—
She seemed so old for youthful years;
Alone she knelt at chancel rail,
And prayed in penitence and tears.

"Father, forgive," she sadly wailed,
"Forgive me now before I die—
I sent Paul Meredith to his grave—
Forgive! 'twas I who told the lie.

'Tis years since then—sorrowful years—
I blighted the laurels 'round his name:
I told it all for love of gold—
I charged to him another's shame—"

The priest arose in regal might,
And cast his surplice to the floor;
"O, where is she of whom you spoke?"
Her white hand pointed toward the door.

The priest ran down the sacred aisle,
And out into the wintry street;
He caught Faith Hayden in his arms,
'Twas Paul who gazed in face so sweet.

In vain he'd sought the fatal ball,
War's thunder-bolts above him hurled;
At last he sought the sacred desk,
To hide his sorrows from the world.

There, underneath the old gas light,
When wintry winds were wild and rife,
He told the story of his wrongs,
And once more claimed his promised wife.

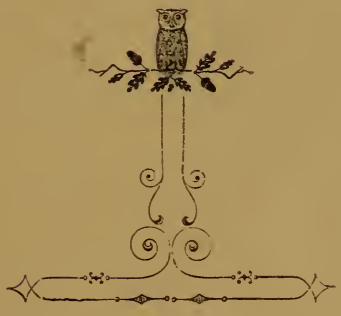
The Pride of Man.

Man, mortal, mercenary, blind,
Who toils to hoard th' gain of years,
Stop to elevate mankind,
To heal their wounds and dry their tears.

Thy heart is filled with haughty pride;
Cast pride far away from thee;
Cast thy garb of self aside,
And don the robe of Charity.

Thou toil'st and sav'st 'mid fear and strife,
Thy treasures all to hoard—
Art not prepared for a higher life—
And th' grave is thy reward!

O, man, mortal, mercenary, blind,
Thou hast no joy—but woe and strife,
Leave all thy idols far behind,
And seek to live a nobler life.



God Bless the Boys who Wore the Blue.

[Respectfully dedicated to A. H. COLEMAN Post, No. 159, Grand Army Republic, Troy, Ohio.]

God bless the boys who wore the blue,
Who wore the blue in 'sixty-one,
When Anderson back of Sumpter's walls,
Heard the first peal of rebels' gun.

How om'nous was that one first peal,
The whole world stood with bated breath;
It meant a Nation's grander life,
Or meant a Nation's direful death;

It meant America must be free,
Or meant we must have human slaves;
It meant ten million lonely homes,
It meant a million heroes' graves;

Strike ye, strike ye, for liberty and wealth,
Strike ye, strike for victory and health;
Free thyself from the bonds of living death,
And join our Temperance Army.

That Spring Poem.

O, to be free from the sorrows and toil,
That editors are heir to on this mortal coil;
O, that from these we doomed men were free;
And above all from that bard with Spring poetry.

He comes in the sanctum with the stealth of a cat;
Lays the poem on the desk and we ask, "What's that?"
He smiles like an angel and answers, says he:
"I've brought you around some Spring poetry."

We sit in our sanctum, and decipher away,
Upon that Spring poem, from day unto day,
Time speeds past like a bird on the wing,
Till the cold blasts of Autumn whisper "Farewell Spring."

Then we throw down the copy, tip over the chair,
And pull out the shreds of our auburn hair,
We grasp an old shot-gun, and silently we
Hunt 'round for the bard with Spring poetry.

To Estella

Fit model for the artist's brush,
Of the poet's song the theme—
Who would dare thy hopes to crush,
Fair vision of my dream!

How dare th' arms of fickle love,
Entwine thy faultless form,
And but the crown of peace and joy,
Thy noble brow adorn!

May thy life be as a summer dream,
And strength to thee be given,
As thou stemm'st life's onward stream,
To the pearly gates of Heaven.

A Homely Iliad.

(WITH DUE ACKNOWLEDGMENT OF INDEBTEDNESS TO THE MEMORY OF HOMER. AND DEDICATED TO THE PEOPLE OF MIAMI COUNTY, INCLUDING PIQUA.)

ARGUMENT—For several years the people of Miami County recognized the fact that their present Court House was far too small, inferior and unsafe for transacting business and preserving the records of a county of forty thousand population, and but the twelfth in point of intelligence and wealth in the State. It was therefore decided that a new Court House, more in keeping with the prosperity, progress and wealth of its people, should be built. To which Piqua people took exceptions. Piqua labored under the impression that she had some rights the outside world was bound to respect. All of which the world, and particularly Troy, tearfully acknowledged. We concede the superiority of Piqua in many respects. Note, for instance, the popularity of her skating rinks, the bewitching angularity of some of her streets, the grandeur of the ruins of an ancient building on her public square, the broad shimmering expanse of her hydraulic, that rare novelty, her gondola, the size of her newspapers and the style of their display ads., and very much more I refrain from enumerating lest I would be accused of being boastful.

Piqua's pique, to Miami the direful spring
Of countless cuss words, a solo, goddess, sing;
Which pique at that momentous time,
Showed monumental cheek and gall sublime.

Of those who longed and longed for gore,
Tax-payers fumed and angry voters swore,
For John and Frank with patriotic zeal,
Columbus-ward hied to see about the bill.
Tell why, oh Muse, in accents sweet,
Some didn't want the Court at county seat!
Village newsmen said in headlines, "We object!"
And told their patrons what people might expect.
The Colonel declared, "We're insulted and defied,"
And for the Colonel's break, the papers lied;
So his brother newsmen sought in vain to stay
The passage of the bill that very day.
Before that august body Smiley stands,
Opposition papers fill his hands,
By these he begs; if they'd do the people's will,
Every mother's son would vote against the bill.
Like callow youth of a pretentious age,
Exuberant of the cheapery of the stage,
With tragic frown, or comic smile,
And beardless goes, affecting actors' style—

So Smiley stands; and slightly bending down,
Hints that his is quite a booming town.
"O, Legislature, may your nays be found,
And Troy's Court House ne'er rise above the ground!
Our boys will take you, should the bill be stayed,
For there's nothing mean about us, and treat to lemonade.
So do respect the Border City's pride—
This mark is due, for Piqua is no snide.
If oratory fail then let my presence show,
Her choice of delegates is not so slow,"
The Piquads shout, their joint assent declare,
The scribe to victory, the same was fair.
Not so our Morris, he as was Senator,
Thus addressed the scribe and gained the floor:
"Give us a rest and fly these festive haunts,
You've only told what part the County wants.
Hence from this scene and out into the street.
They are here who'd compel you to retreat*

*Implying that he had previously treated. It should be understood, however, that the one addressed would not for a moment entertain the unhallowed thought of treating to anything stronger than popcorn. Patent on the pun applied for.

Mine is the duty and 'tis Miami's will,
To pray this august body pass upon the bill.
Nor shall his tears or eloquence e'er win,
What he said is a "sousand times too sin.*
The bill was introduced, the votes were cast,
And being counted, 'twas found the bill had passed.
Then to the Center the victors did repair,
And joyful strains of music filled the air—
The trembling scribe along the street returned,
And in the anguish of a Piquad mourned.
Disconsolate, not daring to complain,
Silent he went toward the railroad train,
Till safe at distance, he goes into a bar,
And sadly treats himself to a cigar:—
"O, Jeminey! to a pretty pass we've come;
I will send a REMORSEful message home;"
Thus it ran, with much more force than grace—
"The bill has gone to a much more torrid place."

*Being interpreted from the original means a "thousand times too thin."

"If e'er I catch sight of the railroad train,
My name is Dennis if I e'er come back again,
Or e'er again my keenest wits employ,
To tackle any bill composed at Troy!"
Thus Smiley mused; he took a Pullman car,
Ensconced himself to puff at his cigar;
Bent were his thoughts upon the Trojan crowd,
He'd humble them and do his city proud;
He breathed revenge as *Piqua-ward they sped.
While fleecy smoke curled above his head;
His town in view, his spirits drooping, sank,
But on his city's pride resolved to bank;
On boys and girls the infection now began,
And last the wrathful feelings fill'd each man;
For several days there seemed an azure air,
Because of cuss words that broke forth then and there,
But ere another revolving day was run,
Colonel Fleming, Piqua's war-like son

*Mr. Smiley was not necessarily wayward when he was Piqua-ward. Miami County humorists are privileged to use this pun with impunity.

Said, as his haughty bosom swelled,
"An indignation meeting should be held."
The assembly seated, rising 'bove the rest,
Smiley thus his citizens addressed;—
"Let us leave the Trojans to their fate,
Who think they hold a mortgage on the State,
Let them build the Court House if they will,
And let them, fellow Piquads, foot the bill;
He who will dance along his merry way,
Should the violinist always pay;
So from her dowdy precincts we'll withdraw,
Let those who will clamor for the law—
Behold the bill, its subtlety with sense—
THERE IS'NT ANY LIMIT TO EXPENSE!
Tho' they built a house of twenty fronts.
Insulted Piqua must help to bear the brunt.
He said and sat; when Fleming thus replied,
Fleming the scribe, Piqua's boast and pride,
That editorial peer, whose comprehensive view,
As much as said he knew a thing or two;

Warm beneath the collar was the sage,
And almost rent his garments in his rage:—
"'Tween us and Trojans peace can't be maintained,"
Thus his military title deftly gained;
"I'd not declare a war of blood and swords,
I would advise a mighty war of words;
Eloquence speaks when reticence would conceal—
I dedicate my pen to still oppose the bill;
Bold we shall be, and seemingly grow wise,
By the making of noise, ourselves to advertise,
For tho' we know the noise will soon be o'er,
It may produce a Buckeye governor"—
Thus Smiley smiled:—"He who has the floor,
I now propose shall be our governor;
E'en by this town I swear who rules the roost,
I'll editorials write to give him quite a boost,
His many virtues the LEADER shall declare.
Long as the Colonel breathes this vital air;
No Trojan bold of all the numerous horde,
'Gainst my man shall say a harmful word,

Nor e'en the chief of party's clique or clan,
Can in convention stand against my man."
Encouraged thus th' aspiring scribe replies,
Grateful tears doth glisten in his eyes:
"Not I, but another gains th' shining prize,
I now decline—'t would be a sacrifice;
Nor will the people thus be turned aside
From the question: we're insulted and defied.
Progressive euchre—so angry we've been made—
'Tween us and Troy shall nevermore be played;
Our maledictions shall be upon her name,
Our pique shall show e'en in the polo game,"
Thus Fleming spoke, and with a gloomy frown
Said they'd never help to lay the corner stone.
Van Deaton, with a very lame effusion,
Aided to confuse the wild confusion;
Some said they never would their votes employ
To help to ornament the town of Troy,
The war of words the Colonel madly waged,
The BUCKEYE'S weekly columns now engaged,

'Gainst Mordecai Clark woful wrath was rife,
And thus prolonged the awful, deadly strife,
Until Troy majestic in her wrath,
Declared that the County had gone daft;
"Swailes' Square, No," filled the startled air,
"Swailes' Square, Yes," resounded everywhere.
Some who lived in handsome Piqua town,
Resolved to vote the old Square down;
Browne, who ran a truthful (?) village sheet,
Said Piqua girls had herculean feet.
Many, many things were GRAVELY said
About the joining city of the dead,
Many about the brewery that stood by,
For lawyers strange who'd happen to get dry,
Thus Miami's peaceful precincts flowed
With many streams of visionary blood.
"Let us," said Troy, "in peace and justice be
Obedient to the people's great decree,
Let us do what e'er is just and fair,
And build, as we should, on Swailes' Square,

Come," said she, "my own, my only own,
And help us all to lay the corner stone."
The sixteenth day of last July
Dawned on old Troy propitiously;
The toot of horn and tap of drum,
Announced th' auspicious day had come;
Peter Klaus in the old red wagon came,
To fill his jug and watch the little game;
To fill his jug, for Bossam sadly swore
He'd never trust to another gallon more;
Forth from the Camp came Major Hollyhock,
Mrs. H., the parasol and lock.
Now the Court House walls in grandeur rise,
Soon her dome will tower toward the skies;
In yonder niche the hoodwinked goddess stands,
The emblem of the ermine in her hands.
Heaven bless the honored justice when
He justice metes the Piqua citizen.

Deacidified using the Bookkeeper process.
Neutralizing agent: Magnesium Oxide
Treatment Date: Sept. 2009

Preservation Technologies
A WORLD LEADER IN COLLECTIONS PRESERVATION
111 Thomson Park Drive
Cranberry Township, PA 16066
(724) 779-2111

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
0 018 597 345 1